in the end, there must be nothing left.

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by troublemaker (rewritethestory)

Summary

Splatters of coffee, the sun and a morning easily sullied.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

He sits quietly, sipping his drink as the world around him succumbs to haste. Mornings in the human world are of such character, he's learned. People scramble about, they fumble, they run and miss and agonize. All because of their momentary attachments: work, meetings, promises. A sense of duty, the heart to mind others, innate goodwill – folly, that's all he can think.

But watching them mess up because of all their idiotic ways has proven to be an amusing distraction, at least. If only for a little while, as he waits for another dream to ruin, for Taiga and Hiroyuki-kun's next move.

There's no one more interesting than those two.

That being said, it's getting stuffy inside here. Too much is too much, and with the sun having risen, the stream of people flowing into the café seems to know no end anymore. Too many of them spoil the fun – humans aren't like sugar in a drink, there's a limit to how much Tregear can handle them before he turns annoyed.

He stands up and steps towards the exit, intent on making for a quick leave, teleporting away before anyone can see it. Such is the way of a skilled actor. Ah, where shall he go? Maybe back to that amusement park–

But before Tregear can think any further, someone bumps into him. Now there's hot fluid all over his clothes – more coffee, huh? The stains are a momentary bother, the heat a rare sensation. It does not bother him, who only has the shape of a human while not actually being one. What lies beneath knows far worse heat, temperatures approaching that of the real sun. Therefore, Tregear simply lets out a sigh.

The man that'd bumped into him of course thinks him human, though, apologising profusely, speaking hastily – apologies, apologies, worthless talk, between all that something about towels and a change of clothes. Tregear clicks his tongue in response. These platitudes, lies – if the man knew who Tregear is, it’d be different. This pretense of righteousness, the audacity of it all–!

“I am fine. Be on your way,” he says through barely not gritted teeth, and turns around. The man says something in response, mumbling, stumbling over his words, but Tregear does not find it in himself to care. Humans are all the same, lousy actors. None of them are needed in the play he longs to stage; the most humans are good for is collateral damage.

All Tregear wants for that is a single soul and the tri-colored lights overlapping around it. Nothing else.

Ah, but the stains are really a bit of an eyesore, they jump out immediately when he catches his reflection in a store window. It looks wrong! On the white half of Tregear’s shirt especially – poetic, thinking about it. Darkness may hide any stain, but light is sullied all the easier for it… Stuff for a poem, perhaps.

If he were to try and think of one right now – is there anything else that catches Tregear's eye? Anything to weave together with these musings of his? He looks around as he walks on, in the vague direction of that amusement park, sipping more remnants of sugary coffee. Nothing, nothing, it's all uninteresting, plain, boring, almost upsetting in this regard; this planet does not offer much of interest, right.

After a while, he stops.

... Ah.

Tregear's overlooked the most glaring subject. The apple of humanity's– no, this entire solar system's eye, their ever-lasting muse, granter of their lives and eventual bringer of their deaths. Such a cruel dichotomy, no? What you owe your existence to will also be the cause of its demise. A pretty little tale, Tregear could laugh at it.

Almost, that is. When it comes down to it, the sun disgusts him too much to have any deep thought about it.

(It used to be different – no, it was always this way; because you were made to be like this– no, you were born like this; because it was *fate*– Different kinds of thoughts twist, feelings swirl, and they all disappear at the bottom of your heart. There's so many screams, thousands of years of memories - but not a single part of it matters. All that is there is hatred.)

Tregear clicks his tongue again, taking another sip, but nothing reaches his tongue. The cup's empty, the last of the ice having melted. He sighs, then, and throws it over his shoulder. Someone behind him starts uttering complaints, but he couldn't care any less. Not when he's soon disappearing out of sight, anyways, having more important places to be.

Something keeps him rooted in place, though. He does not feel like moving. Tregear's eyes drift upwards again – to that sun, so bright, so blinding that it makes him squint. It's warm, too, warmer than it should have any right to be. How annoying.

Maybe that's what's been bothering him about the coffee stains. Not the sight, but the sensation. Even a body that runs mostly cold can feel warmth, even if it's mostly faded by now. It was annoying enough to ruin his calm morning.

Tregear supposes he ought to take care of that before resuming observation, then. Touching his fingers to it, the spots are dry already – that's the work of that bothersome sun, too. It can't stop meddling! It won't leave him alone!

What does the sun even want to do with the infinite night of space? Tregear wonders.

–No point in pondering that, he reminds himself. Breathe out, and then he makes a beeline for the next corner, disappearing within the turn. Next he knows, he's... on top of a ferris wheel. That's not where he intended to go. He has to fix his appearance, he can't show himself in front of Hiroyuki-kun like that.

However, at least being inside a cart saves him from those rays of heat. A moment of peace, of respite, then. Tregear closes his eyes, leaning backwards.

(Something's wrong. Something's missing.)

There, the ferris wheel starts moving again, this particular cart now on the way downwards. This feeling of drifting has something nostalgic to it, reminds Tregear of times of travelling, of times of floating through cold, desolate outer space. Picking out stars to estinguish all by himself. Far from maddening light, at least this particular, red-tinted one.

(*Tregear–*)

A smile flashes before his eyes, and he opens them immediately.

(*You know it, don't you? You're so smart, I'm sure you'd understand. How wonderful this blue planet is, right next to this shining star of theirs.* How was he able to smile, saying that? The answer's simple, it's his nature. Saying all those foolish, simple-minded things, something you'd never think about doing.

I'd like to be like that too, you know. I think that's what we Ultramen ought to be – stars of justice.

Like little suns, you'd said before you could stop yourself. The dread dawned upon you immediately, but you hid it all beneath tightly-pressed lips. The feeling of inadequacy, of having taken all that into your mouth, proposing an ideal you knew you'd never hold up to. And he, he'd smiled, of course he'd smiled, and said–)

As soon as the cart reaches ground level, the doors giving way to fresh air, Tregear jumps out, making his way past whatever's in the way. None of this matters. He can't care. He has places to be! No overtime is his rule, so there's no time to waste. He'll go see what he can do to draw Taiga out, and then, he will–

(There it is again, that feeling. It's been sitting at the back of his throat the entire morning. The feeling of being tainted, sullied, ruined– and not just since today. It has been there for eons.

Because deep down, you understand this: No matter how much you hate, this feeling cannot be erased. You cannot tear your eyes away from the sun. You cannot stop feeling the warmth, cannot stop doing things that'll inevitably have you touching it. Because what that light does to you is that it unlocks something, something that was buried, something that you gave up on and threw away–)

It is a stain. Tregear does not stop – he never stops. He wrenches a smile upon his face, forces a chuckle. All of these thoughts, he'd be a fool to have them, no? Tregear's no fool, everyone else who believes in the light, in those stars of justice, is. They're falling for lies! Light is a pretense, and without it darkness does not exist, either, so in the end, all that must be left is emptiness.

In the vast absence of space, without day, night, hope, despair, light nor darkness, nothing can exist with true meaning. That seals the end of the poem, too. End of the story, end of this train of thought. Push it away, focus on what's in front of you. Listen to those voices praying for god to fulfill their dreams, because that's where he'll jump in.

Tregear, being of the night, has no time to even think about what the sun is doing. The fog engulfs all from below, slowly and silently crawling into crevices and hearts. Until all knows how pointless all of their lives have been, until they all know what fools they are. Until Tregear's the last one laughing. After all, he prides himself on his grin in the face of disaster.

And this play ought to bring forth the best one yet. For that, he needs the sun -- that is all there is to it.

(The smile may have been erased, but the voice echoes in your ears, persistent in a way that resembles madness, some kind of a haunt.

That's what I want to be! A little sun!

And you'd mumbled to yourself, frowning: *Why become something that you've already been since birth?*)

End Notes

thank you so much for reading, please feel free to leave a kudos and a comment if you liked it!
i saw todays ultratober prompt (day 5, sun), felt sort of inspired and was like "what if i really quickly wrote something for this." it was supposed to be shorter but alas, i am incapable of keeping myself short. as for what inspired this fic, they mention in the first darkness heels stage that tregear likes to watch struggling salarymen in the morning... or something like that, and i thought that was so fucking weird, i wanted to write about it. title's from gekkou by kitani tatsuya & harumaki gohan! i may return later this month with more... but until then, find me on tumblr @ kanouseis if you need me, have a good day and peace out!

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